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Lloyd's new songs

[S.I.]

[18--]

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LLOYD'S

NEW SONGS

BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER.

Air... "Folly Perkins"

I'm a broken-hearted widow, with
grief I'm arrayed,
All through Madame R—I, the
nasty old jade,
Who said she would make me of
beauties the queen,
But she's got all my money out of
me clean.

CHORUS.

As beautiful as Venus,
As fair as e'er seen,
And marry a lord, too,
And be his sweet queen

I was introduced to this lord, and
saw him appear.
I felt my heart flutter when sweet
William was there,
His hair was so curly, his whiskers
so long,
thought that he loved me, but
found I was wrong.

Chorus.

Such nice loving letters, dear Wil-
liam did send,
He said he would follow me right
to the world's end,
if but to marry I'd make up my
mind,

To be a real lady, and all requisites
find. Chorus.

Now, I'll just quickly tell you how
I was taken in,
And how Madame R—I has got
all my tin.
I paid her four thousand, all money
down,
And now she has left me without
even a brown.

Chorus:

In a bath half the day, I'd to lay
on my back.
Now, I find that this lord used to
peep thro' a crack,
While I was enamelled, and being
made divine,
To be all the rage, and cut such a
shine.

Chorus.

Now all you young people, take
warning by me,
I've learnt some experience, tho'
I'm but fifty-three,
Don't patronise Broad-street, your
money give neev r,
To people to make yon beautiful
for ever.

The Harp and Shamroek So ster.

Champagne Charlie is my Name

seen a deal of gaiety through-
out my noisy life,
With all my great accomplishments
I ne'er could get a wife;
The thing I most excel in is the
M. R. F. O. game.
A noise all night, in bed all day,
and swimming in champagne.

CHORUS.

For champagne Charley is my
name,
Champagne Charlie is my name
Good for any game at night my
boys,
Good for any game at day my
boys.
Who will come with me in a spree

The way I gained my title, is by a
nobby which I have got.
Of never letting others pay however
long the bill;

Whoever drinks at my expense, are
treated all the same,
From Dukes and Lords, to Cabmen
down, I make them drink.
Champagne Charlie &c

From coffee and from supper-room
from Poplar to Pall Mall,
The girls on seeing me exclaim,
"Oh! what a champagne swell
The notion 'tis of every one, if it
were not for my name,
And causing so much to be drunk,
they never make champagne,
Champagne Charlie, &c.

Some epicures like burgundy hock,
claret, and moselle,
But Moet's vintage only, satisfies
this champagne swell,
What matter if to bed I go and
head is muddled thick,
A bottle in the morning, sets me
brighten very quick,
champagne Charlie, &c.

Perhaps you may fancy what
nothing else but chaff,
And only does like other songs, to
merely raise a laugh,
To prove that I'm not in jest, each
man a bottle of cham,
I'll stand fizz round—yes that I will
and stand it—like a man
Champagne Charlie

I'll meet thee at the lane.

I'll meet thee at the lane love,
When the clock it shall strike nine
I long the day to come love,
When I can call thee mine,
My heart for thee is burning, I
And my love I must disclose,—
Of thee I'm ever dreaming,
My own sweet mountain Rose,
When evening stars are peeping.
Oh, then will be our meeting.
Old time too swiftly fleeting,
Our happy hours away.
I'll meet thee

I'll meet thee at the lane love,
Just when the clock strikes nine,
To thee I'll ever faithful be,—
Believe me ever thine,—
Deceive I will never
And my eyes in death shall close,
Before that I forget thee,
My own sweet mountain Rose.
Thy presence care dispelling,
All other charms excelling,
Oh what to grace my dwelling.
Like my sweet mountain Rose,
I'll meet thee, &c.

My friend and Pitcher.

The wealthy fool with gold and
store,
Will still desire to grow richer,
Give me but health, I'll ask a
more,
My own sweet girl my friend
and pitcher.

The Harp and Shamrock Songster.

The young soldiers Return from the American War.

In which are blended Love,
Nationality and Patriotism.

By Mr. P. Walsh, Dublin.

Air:—"The Boys of Wexford."

Oh, welcome welcome to my arms,
My Mary fond and true
I've now returned to make thee mine,
And no more to part from you;
The dreadful war is over,—
Some money I have gained,
For service in the union ranks,
And wounds which I sustained.

CHORUS.

But no more I'll leave old Ireland.
But stay stay at home with thee.
And serve I may some other day,
My own dear country.

That was a fearful war you know,—
Each side fought gallantly—
The South to keep the darkies slaves—
The north to set them free;—
The bullets flew like showers of hail,
But neither side would yield.
And thousands lay in gorey heaps,
On every battle field.

But no more, &c.

Our Irish boys there won renown,
There's none could act more brave
Their blood they freely there did spill
To free the colored slave;
And with their aid was victory gained,
An' slave born men made free!!
And the glorious union too restored
Great was that victory.

Now as I have escapedd from ath
And you've proved true to me,
My dearest Mary we'll get wed
And live in unity;
And as we journey down life's hill,
Together hand in hand,
We'll bless the Lord that brought me
To thee and fatherland. (back

But no more I'll leave old Ireland,
But stay at home with thee,
And serve I may some other day
May own derr country.

Do you Ever Think of Me Love?

Do you ever think of me love?
Do you ever think of me?
When I'm far away from thee, love
With my bark upon the sea.
My thought are ever turning,
On thee where'er I roam,
And my heart is ever yearning,
For the quite scenes of home,
Then tell me—do you ever
When my bark is on the sea.
Give a thought to one who never,
Can cease to think of thee,
When sailing on the billow,
Do you think I must forget,
The streamlet and the willow,
And the bower where we met?
No—fancy thou art near me,
When the waves alone can here me
And 'tis but the zepher's cry—
Then, tell me &c.

The minstrel Boy.

The minstrel boy to the wars is
gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find
him,
His father's sword he has girded on
And his wild harp slung behind
him.

"Land of song" said the warrior
brave,
Though the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least thy right shall
guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee.

The Harp and Shamrock Songster.

My Sporting Mare and I.

I am a country carman
A jovial cove am I—
I whistle and sing from morn till night
And troubles I do defy.
I've one to bear me company,
Of work she does her share.
'Tis not my wife, upon my life!
But a sporting old gray mare.

CHORUS.

So round goes the world my boys
And troubles I defy!
As we together jog along,
My sporting mare and I.

'Tis round about the country boys,
My mare and I do go,
And the people kindly greet us,
As we travail to and fro;
The young ones all do cheer us,
And the old ones stand and stare
And open their eyes with great surprise
At Pat and his rattling mare.
So round goes, &c.

And when the roads are heavy boys
Or travelling up a hill,
I always do assist my mare
She moves with such good will,
I know she likes me well my boys
Because the whip I spare,
I'd rather hurt myself, than hurt
My sporting old gray mare.
So round goes, &c.

And when we reach the city Oh!
She flies o'er the paving stones
And steps so free and splendidly,
She's none of your lazy drones;
'Tis "clear the way" when we come
"The passers all do stare
And the jarvies cry as I go by
'There' Pat and his old bay mare
So round goes, &c."

I would not change business for
Another in the land;
would not be Lord Chancellor,
Nor any one so grand;
would not be Judge or Alderman

I solemnly declare
But when alive I always drive
My sporting old gray mare.

My Happy Home I See Again

My happy home I see again,
Sweet love of childhood's day.
Not all the senes that I've gone thro
Could chase that love away.
I heard the streamlet ripple by,
And tho' halls of mirth,
My heart proclaims thy vale sweet
The loveliest spot on earth. (home)

I've gazed upon rich summer bloom
In other lands afar,
But all thy beauty then come near
My memory's cherish'd star.
Infancy oft I wandered,
And marked thy flower-ets wear,
their bright soft hues, and now I find
Them blooming still as fair.

MY HOME SHALL BE WITH THEE.

Of other lands. Oh! tell me not,
That's beautiful and fair,
With clear skies and summer
plains,
With fruit and flowers rare
For these or wealth I do not sigh,
For dearer far art thou to me,
Tho' winter's reign is cheerless here
My home shall be with thee
Tho' winter, &c.

This world of ours would dreary be
But for the suns bright rays
As chill and cold would be my heart
If you werst far away;
For thou art the sun that cheers my
Wherever it may be, (day)
The brightest place is by thy side
My home shall be with thee.
The brightest &c.

The Harp and Shamrock Songster.

The Harp and Shamrock Songster

My Native Land so green

I am a true-born Irishman, I come
from Paddy's land,
Where the stranger finds a welcome
with the grasp of friendships hand,
Where the wit it flows spontan-
eously, and pleasure does abound;
And good-nature mixed together in
abundance can be found,
Where the boys are so jolly, at a
pattern, race, or fair;
For courting purty girls, none with
them can compare
They're the bravest set of boys,
that ever yet were seen,
The boys of dear ould Ireland, my
native land so green.

You will surely find that Paddy his
aid will always lend,
And be ready to assist you, if e'er
you want a friend;
If his cabin you should enter, you
know as well as me,
He'll will treat you with the very
best—quite welcome you will be
He'll share his pipe and whiskey,
your spirits he will cheer;
Oh! ould Ireland, you're my dar-
ling—the spot I love so dear;
For true hospitality no matter
where I have been—
There is no place like ould Ireland,
my native land so green.

If e'er you're bent on pleasure,
abroad you need not roam,
There's no such sights in foreign
lands like those we have at home,
Killarney's lakes are beautiful—as
every one must own;
And if you're fond of nonsense, just
kiss the blarney stone,
We have scenery in Wicklow, there
the Giant's Causeway, too;
The Bay and sights round Dublin
are splendid to view.
I have travelled many thousand
miles, strange countries I've seen
equal Erin's Isle—my

Then here's success to Erin, my
own dear native Isle.

May discontent soon vanish and
plenty on her smile,
And prosperity shine on thee, as it
did in days of yore.

I only wish for happiness—that our
troubles soon would cease;
So we might live like brothers, in
unity and peace.

May trade increase and flourish,
and shortly will be seen—

The people gay and happy, in my
native land so green.

Oh let me like a soldier fall.

Oh let me like a soldier fall,
Upon some opening plain,
This breast expanding to the ball,
To blot out every stain.
Brave manly hearts confer my doom
That gentler ones may tell,
Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb
I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race,
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die the last and not disgrace,
Its ancient chivalry.
Tho' o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell,
Enough, they murmur at my grave
He like a soldier fell.

Take this glass of sparkling
Wine,

Take this glass of sparkling wine
Warm'd by sunbeams from above,
In his golden beams combine,
Life and rapture—peace and love.

Tho' clouds that mortal visions dim
The joy we spirits feel,
To thee I drink this rosy wine—
My heart—my soul is thine,

The Harp and Shamrock So

The last rose of Summer,

'Tis the last rose of summer left
blooming alone,
All her lovely companions are
faded and gone,
No flower of her kindred, no rose-
bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes, to give
sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one
to pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping, go
sleep with them,
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves
o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie
scentless and dead.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

Childhood's days now pass before
me—

When this old hat was new,
We are coming, sister Mary;
Have you seen the boy in blue?
Let us kiss him for his mother—
Underneath the old oak tree.
I'd choose to be a daisy,
Near a cottage by the sea;
Fancy sees old Robin Ridley,
Going home to Dixey's Land,
Arm-in-arm with Billy Patterson,
Won't give his heart without a
hand,
Unless he marries Annie Laurie,—
My pretty Jane, remember me
Come where my love lies dreaming
Near a cottage by the sea.
What if a mother keeps a mangle,
Yet no Irish need appy,
Didn't she seem to like it?
Good-bye, sweetheart, good bye,
Joe the marine and poor Tom Bow-
ling,
With black-eyed Susan, gone out
to tea,
The ship's on fire, man the life-boat
Near the cottage by the sea.

Come Where my Love lies dreaming.

Come where my love lies dreaming
Dreaming the happy hours away,
In visions bright redeeming,
The fleeting hours of joy,
Dreaming the happy hours,
Dreaming the happy hours away,
Come where my love lies dreaming
My love is sweetly dreaming the
happy hours away

Come where my love. &c.

Come with the lute, come with the
lay,
My own love is sweetly dreaming,
her beauty beaming,
Come where my love lies dreaming
My own love is sweetly dreaming,
the happy hours away.
Soft is her slumbers, thoughts light
and free,
Dance thro' her dreams like gush-
ing melody,
Light is her young heart—light
may it be.

Come where my love. &c.

I'd choose to be a daisy.

I'd choose to be a daisy.
If I might be a flower.
My petals closing softly,
At twilight's silent hours.
And waking in the morning
When falls the early dew,
To welcome Heaven's bright sun-
shine,
And Heaven's bright tear-drop
too.

I'd choose to be a daisy.

I love the gentle lily,
It looks so meek and fair,
But daisies I love better,
For they grow everywhere.
I'd choose to be a daisy.

The Harp and Shamrock Songster.

Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye.

While going the road to sweet Athy
Hurroo! Hurroo!
While going the road to sweet Athy
Hurroo! Hurroo!
While going the road to sweet Athy
A stick in my hand and a droo in
my eye,
A doteful damsel I heard cry—
Johne y I hardly knew ye

CHORUS.

With your drums and guns and guns
and drums,
The enemy nearly slew ye;
n' darlin' dear you look so queer,
Faith Jouny I hardly knew ye

Where are your eyes that looked so
mild,
Hurroo! Hurroo!
Where are your eyes that looked so
mild,
Hurroo! Hurroo!
Where are your eyes that looked so
mild,
When my heart you did beguile
Why did you skedaddle from me
and the child,—
Why, Johnney I hardly knew ye.
chorus.

Where are the legs with which you
run,
Hurroo! Hurroo!
Where are the legs with which you
run,
Hurroo! Hurroo!
Where are the legs with which you run
When you went to carry a gun,
Indeed your dancing days are done
Faith Johnney I hardly knew ye
Chorus

It grieved my heart to see you sail
Hurroo! Hurroo!
It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Hurroo! Hurroo!
It grieved my heart to see you sail
thoug from my heart you run away
Like a cod your doubled up head
and tail,
Faith Johnney I hardly knew ye

I'm happy for to see you home,
Hurroo!! Hurroo!!
I'm happy for to see you home,
Hurroo!! Hurroo!!
I'm happy for to see you home,
Hurroo!! Hurroo!!
All from the Island of Suloon,
So low in flesh and high in bone,
CHORUS.

With your guns and drums and drum
and guns,
The enemy nearly ew ye
I darlin' dear, you look so queer.
Faith Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Beautiful Star.

Beautiful star in heaven so bright,
Softly falls thy silv'ry light,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the evening, beautiful star,
Star of the evening, &c.

In fancy's eye they seem to say
Follow me, come from earth away
Upwards thy spirit's pinions fly,
To realms of love beyond the sky.
To realms of love, &c.

Shine, oh, star of love divine,
May our souls' affections twine
Around thee, as thou movest afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.
Star of the twilight, &c.

—
I'm leaving thee in sorrow

Annie

I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie,
I'm leaving thee in tears,
It may be a long time Annie—
Perhaps for many years.

It is more kind to part now dearest
Than linger here in pain,
To think of joys that once so bright
But ne'er may come again.
I'm leaving thee,

Oyster-Shell Bonnet, AND DANDY CHIGNON!

Of all the queer fashions you ever did see
You of something shall hear if you listen
to me,

Its of the proud lasses who ramble along,
With a bundle of hair which they call a
Chignon.

CHORUS.

Just twig the young lasses, as they walk
along,
With an oyster-shell bonnet and a dandy
Chignon.

Of such comical dresses and comical ways
They'd no such idea in my grandmother's
days,

They were homely and comely, went
cleanly along,

With bonnets to hide their sweet face
from the sun.

Billy Snip went to walk with his sister
in-law,

At the back of her head she'd a great
bunch of straw,

She trimmed it up neatly, but it came
undone,

And a young fellow cried, Miss, you have
dropped your Chignon.

My wife wears a Chignon, says Liverpool
Jack,

I'll swear it's as big as a soldier's knap-
sack,

She gave birth to daughter last Sunday
but one

That was marked on the head with a
ladies' Chignon.

I know a young damsel named Mary
McCall,

The other night I was invited to go to a
ball,

So in order to make her look handsome
and fine

She'd a Chignon before, and another
behind.

There's an old cobbler's daughter lives
over the way,

Said she'd get a Chignon to make her
look gay,

She tormented her father and did him so
vex,

He made her a Chignon with bristles and
wax.

Old Mrs. Goeasy, it's true, pon my life,
The bridge of her nose is as sharp as a
knife.

She's two bandy legs, her age eighty-one
Her oyster-shell bonnet and dandy Chig-
non.